Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI.

HAPPY LOVE.

While they sat before the fire,
Nothing more did he desire
Than to get a little nigher,
If he could;
And his heart beat high and higher,
And her look grew shy and shyer,
When he sidled up close by her,
As he should.

Then he ventured to inquire
If her sister, Jane Marian,
And her mother and her sire,
Were quite well?
And from time to time he'd eye her,
As though he would like to buy her,
And his bashfulness was dire,
For a spell.

Then his husky throat grew dryer
When he told her that the 'Squire
To himself would gladly tie her
If she would;
Might he now go ask her sire?
And he thought he would expire,
When she said, to his desire,
That he could!

—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

MILLICENT'S HERO.

Finding himself in a position to marry, and having known Millicent Bruen more or less intimately for six months, Jack Wendover felt that the time had come for him to express the devotion which from the first he had entertained toward that young lady and ask her to reciprocate it. How he came to know Miss Bruen, and how in these days of limited incomes he was able to contemplate matrimony at all, may be told in a few words.

Seven or eight months before, when the young man was out of business and hopelessly, as it seemed, adored Miss Bruen from afar off, he had conceived the brilliant idea of the Reciprocal Aid Society—brilliant since it promised to find him employment and at the same time to bring him into relations with old Mr. Bruen, who was Millicent's father and a heavy holder of up-town real estate. In itself, too, the idea was a good one. Here were a great many people, whom Jack knew and of whom Mr. Bruen was one, having investments to offer, and a great many other people having money to invest. Jack's notion was to make the Reciprocal Aid Society an intermediary between these parties; in other words, to become what Mr. Edward Everett Hale felicitously calls a "capitalizer."

Well, so far Jack's plan had worked out admirably. The society was organized; Jack was made secretary, with a comfortable salary; Mr. Bruen willingly accepted the society's intermediation in finding purchasers for the first mortgage bonds on his Boulevard lots, and took most kindly to Jack, who conducted the negotiations; while Jack, making his first call at the Bruen mansion on business, was soon welcomed as a friend and made happy in the light of Miss Millicent's smiles. It only remained for him now to take the final step, which as I have said, he had quite made up his mind to do. "She'll never know me any better," he reasoned, "and I'd rather have it settled, even against me, than be in this wretchedly uncertain state all the time." So one winter evening—it was the evening of the day that the society had paid its first semi-annual dividend, of which a large sum had come to Mr. Bruen—Jack set out to meet his fate.

Millicent he found in the library alone. She welcomed him with her accustomed frank cordiality and invited him to draw up a chair before the glowing fire. If the girl had studied her position with a view to the effect it could not have been more artistic. A single argand burner behind her high-back chair lit up the room but left her face in the shadow. On this played the changeful firelight, bringing out its warm hues in still warmer colors, its delicate tints still more delicately, and the pretty, not too regular features, in all their charming irregularity. Though the spectacle filled Jack with a passionate longing to call this lovely vision his own, he was still clear-headed enough to remark that it was a cold night. A few desultory and original observations of this sort brought out from Millicent the inquiry: "Don't you remember, Mr. Wendover, that first night you came here?"

Jack thought if he lived to be as old as Methusaleh he should never forget it. He nodded gravely. "You had on those earrings, Miss Bruen, and the least bit of lace at your throat, with that pretty Limoges pin—shall I go on?"

Millicent blushed a little and looked at him with some surprise.

"But you came on business."

"I made it part of my business to look at you."

"You must have a quick perception, Mr. Wendover."

"Where I am interested, Miss Bruen."

She blushed again, and sought to turn the subject.

"But I hope the other part of your business didn't suffer."

"I think it rather prospered."

She looked a little puzzled, but went on:

"You mean, Mr. Wendover, your affairs are doing well? I don't want to seem inquisitive, but papa never tells me anything, and I'm so dreadfully afraid of being poor!" emphasizing each word with a little shake of the head.

Jack smiled indulgently, but answered her explanation rather than her question.

"What do you call poor, Miss Bruen?"

She hesitated a moment.

"Well, Mr. Wendover, of course there are degrees of poverty. Mrs. Finnegan, my washerwoman, is one of the distressedly poor. She's a widow with six children, and lives over in Eighth street near Avenue C—seven of them in one room, and a garret at that. I should die if I had to live that way. What I mean, though, by being poor, is not to be able to get what I want."

Jack smiled again. He took no credit to himself, and yet, had it not been for him Millicent might have been before now in that very plight.

"Do you always get what you want, Miss Bruen?" he asked.

"Most always," she said, lightly; "don't you, Mr. Wendover?"

He looked her gravely in the face. "I don't know," he said, slowly. "I've only wanted one thing very badly, and it depends upon you whether I can get that or not."

"On me, Mr. Wendover?"

"I want yourself, Miss Millicent."

Millicent's face flamed. She put out her hand deprecatingly.

"Please don't, Mr. Wendover," she said.

"But I must," he insisted. "It is all I want in the world, and I have determined to know whether I am going to get it."

"I can not give it to you, Mr. Wendover," softly.

His face grew pale, and the lines about the mouth deepened into a sterner look than Millicent had ever seen him wear. It was at least a minute before he spoke.

"You see you have answered your own question," he said.

The girl looked at him with a troubled face. There were tears in her eyes and her voice was even changed.

"Oh, why did you ask me?" she said, tremulously. "Why didn't you let it go on?"

"It couldn't have gone on!?" he exclaimed, impatiently. "Such things can't go on. They have to come to an end one way or the other."

"But this needn't be the end," appealingly; "it needn't disturb our friendship, Mr. Wendover. I like you so well as a friend—better than any one I know, only not as the man"—the color rushed up into her face, but she kept on bravely—"not as the man whom I would marry. He must be a hero—like Sir Philip Sidney or the Chevalier Bayard."

Jack smiled, humbly.

"Do you think you will know him when he comes?" he asked.

It was not a happy question. She thought he was ridiculing her, when he had no such intention. The color came and went upon her face, leaving only a red spot on each cheek.

"I have not the least doubt but that I shall," she said, coldly.

Jack rose from his chair. "Well," he said, wearily, "I suppose you know best. I certainly never set out to be a hero. Good night, Miss Millicent."

He held out his hand, which she just took; then a better spirit came over the girl. "I am very sorry, Mr. Wendover," she said, impulsively; "indeed I am. May we not be friends?"

"I shall never cease to be your friend," he said; and somehow or other the assurance gave her pleasure. Friends were few, and Jack Wendover, though not her hero, and bearing no resemblance to either Sir Philip or Bayard, had been too good a friend to lose.

"Thanks, Mr. Wendover," she said, warmly; and then, with a pressure of the hand—on his part no more than friendly—Jack was gone.

Now if Millicent supposed that Jack Wendover, rejected as her lover, would be content to remain her friend—on the same intimate terms, that is, as had hitherto existed—she showed very little knowledge of that young man's nature and a limited appreciation of such affairs. With Jack the friendship had been only a preliminary to his proposal. From the first he had meant to marry Millicent, if he could, and all his visits and attentions were so many means to this end. They had given him pleasure, as any pursuit does on which a man's heart is bent, but it was mixed with restlessness and uncertainty and pain. The chief element of pleasure had been the possibility that some day or other she might be his. Now this was taken away. In its place remained a dull sense of disappointment which Millicent's presence could only emphasize. What he wanted was not her society for an occasional evening, but Millicent herself; and if he could not get that he would not expose himself to the tantalizing fascination of her presence. From that evening, therefore, his social visits at the Bruens' came to an end.

This was something Millicent had not bargained for. She felt grieved and disappointed, and it must be said, a little indignant. Her father, too, without knowing the cause, perceived the desertion.

"Haven't quarreled with Mr. Wendover, have you?" the old gentleman asked, suspiciously, after a month or six weeks had gone by.

"I'm sure, papa, I never quarrel."

"Well, then, I don't know what's got into the man—unless he's found a girl. Strange if he hadn't. Might just as well had him yourself, Milly."

Millicent felt indignant with herself for blushing.

"I'm sure, papa," loftily, "Mr. Wendover isn't at all the kind of a man I should like."

The father shook his head. "I'm afraid you'll go through the wood," he said, "and pick up a crooked stick. I don't know any young fellow I like better. Besides I owe him a debt of gratitude It's due to him more than any one else, Milly, that we're not in the poor-house."

Millicent turned white.

"What do you mean, papa?"

"I mean, my dear, his company has taken my boulevard lots off my hands and saved me from being a bankrupt."

It was the brief statement of a disagreeable fact. Millicent did not like to think that she even might be poor. And to owe their wealth to John Wendover, who had given her besides all the love and devotion of his life, was hardly tolerable. If her father was indebted to him how much more was she? And how could she ever pay the debt, save by acknowledging him as her hero, which she was no more ready to do than before. It is true that she had lately got into the way, unconsciously perhaps to herself, of measuring other men by his standard, and finding them little and unsatisfactory, but this did not prove that Jack was at all heroic.

It was about six months after his disappearance that Millicent discovered a new phase of Jack's character—new, that is, to her. She had known him hitherto as a man of high principles and strict sense of duty; but his deeper instincts and the sympathetic side of his nature she had yet to learn. The way it happened was this: There came one day little Katie Finnegan, the washerwoman's daughter, saying that the mother was sick and couldn't wash that week, and wouldn't "Miss Broon be so good as to 'xcuse her." The child had been often enough to the house before, but Millicent had never seen her looking so neat and tidy. "Of course I'll excuse your mother," she said; "but Katie—how nice you look."

The little wan face lighted up.

"It's a shillen calicer," she said, proudly, gathering up the dress for Millicent's inspection. "And the shoes! Just look at 'em, Miss Broon. Isn't they lovely?"

"My!" exclaimed Millicent. "How perfectly elegant! Where did you get such fine things, Katie?"

A tender light came into the child's eyes.

"It was Mr. Wen'ver," she said, softly, "as giv' 'em to me."

"Mr. Wen'ver?" repeated Millicent, in a puzzled way.

The child nodded. "I've got his name here on a card he giv' me," and she brought out one of the little Sunday-school picture cards in which children everywhere take such mysterious delight. Millicent took it curiously from her hold. On the back, in his familiar, manly hand, were the words, "John Wendover."

"Why, Katie," exclaimed Miss Bruen, "how did you ever know Mr. Wendover?"

She shook her head vaguely. In her eyes was a far-off, uncertain look.

"I don't know, Miss," she said, "I guess the Lord sent him. He came into Bridget Mooney's house one day—that's the first house from Avenue C—and wanted to know where the Widder Finnegan and her six children lived. And Bridget sent him to our tiniment. It was just the time, Miss, as Mikey was sick with the fever, and Mr. Wen'ver he nussed him through. If it weren't for Mr. Wen'ver I guess Mikey would ha' been an angel 'fore this. It's Mikey as says the Lord sent him."

But Millicent knew, if the child did not, what had sent Jack to the widow. It was the Lord, no doubt, but the Lord had seen fit to send the message through herself. She felt humbled and convicted, not only that he should be taking up what was certainly her own unfilled duty, but that he was doing it for love of her.

"Mr. Wendover's a good man, Katie," she said, softly.

The child nodded. "He's the best man in all the world," she declared. "Mother says he makes her think of Samson, 'cause he's so strong; and Mikey says he's like Solomon, 'cause he knows so much; but I never think of him, Miss, without thinking"—she hesitated for an instant.

"Without thinking of what, dear?"

The child's great eyes looked up with an awed expression; the thin little voice sank to a reverent whisper:

"Without thinking, Miss—of the Lord Jesus."

For an instant Millicent's heart stood still. Was it not shockingly irreligious? Ought not the child to be rebuked? But before Millicent could command words Katie had gone on:

"'Cause you know," she said, "he's allers goin' about doin' good. Your folks don't know of it. He ain't the kind as goes 'round blabbin' what they does; but t'-day you'll find him in Mrs. Rafferty's, and t'-morrer in Mrs. Rourke's, and the next day at the Kittendorfs'; and it's tay he'll be bringin' 'em one day and the rint he'll be payin' the next, and last week when the praste wouldn't bury Mrs. Muldoon's husband, 'cause he pizened hisself, it was Mr. Wen'ver as read the sarvice and paid for the buryin'!" The child's tongue was now fairly loosed. "And then, Miss, when every Sunday comes there's a little top room over where Mrs. Mooney lives, and us children all goes there and Mr. Wen'ver he comes and teaches us, an' he's fixed it up that nice! There's a melojeon, and some chromos, and three or four tixts; and we sings songs, and Mr. Wen'ver he plays on the melojeon, and he reads us out of the Bible all about David and Goliar, and Jonah and the whale, and the Lord Jesus, too, and tells us what it all means. And oh, Miss Broon! what d'yer think? He's goin' to take us on a picnic?"

By this time Millicent had recovered her thoughts. In the light of Katie's explanation the comparison did not seem so startling. But admitting the comparison, where were the ideals she had been so fondly cherishing? If people were to be measured by Katie's standard, what became of Sidney and Bayard, Sir Percival and Sir Galahad? The thought was fairly bewildering. She looked down humbly into the child's face, her eyes moist and her voice a little tremulous as she said: "And Mr. Wendover bought you your shoes and dress?"

Katie nodded. "He's kep' us out o' the poor-house, mamma says."

It was just what her father had told her he had done for them; and the reminder was almost enough to upset Millicent's composure. Perhaps after all her notions of what a hero ought to be were radically wrong, and she might, as Jack had said, fail to recognize him when he came. Perhaps there was the same kind of heroism in Jack's keeping people out of the poor-house and supplying their needs as in Sidney's giving the cup of water to the dying man. And may be both were only imitating a higher example—a pattern of heroism which this little child had led her to discover. She leaned over and kissed the pale little face. "Good-by, dear," she said, "I'm glad you've found so good a friend."

When the child was gone and Millicent was left alone, all she could do was to go over the problem again; and yet without coming to any satisfactory conclusion. It involved a mental revolution to substitute for the tall, elegant man with brown flowing locks, Van Dyck beard and symmetrical mustache, who was the Sidney of her imagination, the figure of Jack Wendover, tall and stalwart it is true, but without a trace of sentiment in the firm set mouth, or a particle of elegance about the smooth-shaven face, the short black hair or the steel-framed glasses which repaired his undeniable near-sightedness.

It now drew near the summer time when Millicent and all her friends would go away from New York. Once out of the city she need not expect to see Jack in more than three months. Indeed, she had quite given up expecting to see him at all. In her sober judgment she did not now blame him. There had been no promise made that he would keep up the acquaintance. "I shall always be your friend," he had said. And so he might, without seeing her for the rest of her life.

On one of the last days she proposed spending in the city Millicent, on her way down town turned into Fifth avenue from one of the side streets just below the Park. It was a cool afternoon in the middle of June; the roadway was crowded with carriages and the sidewalk filled with a double line of people passing each other on their respective ways up and down town. At the corner of Fifty-fifth street Millicent met a friend, and drew aside by the railing of the great Presbyterian church for a moment's gossip. While so employed she found herself all at once crowded against the railing by a burly market woman, who explained apologetically that it was to "make room for the procession."

What was the "procession?" Millicent looked down the street, and here is what she saw.

Two dozen children—girls and boys—ragged, barefooted, hatless some of them, but with an attempt at cleanliness and a general air of good humor that made up for all deficiencies. They were walking two by two, in tolerably good order, except that half a dozen surrounded their leader, walking sideways, backward, anyway, so that they might keep in his immediate vicinity and look up in his kindly face. And the leader, a tall young man, with eye-glasses, who led by one hand a very tattered-looking small boy and by the other a more decent-appearing little girl, Millicent with a start recognized. The boy she did not know; but the girl was Kate Finnegan, and the young man was no one else than Jack Wendover. Clearly the procession was Katie's picnic. In all her own wonderment Millicent could not escape hearing the expressions of the bystanders. It was the warm-hearted market woman who spoke first.

"Bless his honest face!" said the hearty voice. "It's a good man he is, or the childer 'd never set such store by him."

The next comment was from Millicent's friend.

"How queer, Milly! Fancy you and me exhibiting ourselves that way. And I dare say he's respectable."

And then there was a voice from behind, to identify which Milly did not need to see the speaker. She had often enough heard the grave, kindly tones in the pulpit of the very church before which she was standing, and she listened now intently, as though somehow or other her destiny depended upon it.

"That man," the voice said, "is made of the stuff they make heroes out of. It takes more moral courage to walk up Fifth avenue at the head of those children than to fight a battle."

The girl's heart gave a responsive throb. "To think," she said, penitently, to herself, "how silly and blind I've been all the time!"

Just at that moment the procession was abreast of the place where Millicent stood, and Katie's eyes roving restlessly among the crowd of lookers-on spied the familiar face. "O, there's Miss Broon!" she shouted. "Please let's stop and speak to her, Mr. Wen'ver," and without waiting for permission she sprang away to Millicent's side.

"Katie!" cried Jack—it must be confessed a little peremptorily.

But Katie did not heed either Mr. Wendover's cry or the amused looks of the spectators.

"O, Miss Broon!" she was saying, "won't you'come along. We're goin' to see the 'nagerie and then we're goin' to have a picnic. And there's lots to eat!"

Jack had halted in an uncertain way, and the procession was all broken up.

"Katie!" he called once more.

"O, Mr. Wen'ver!" she cried, turning around and pausing distressfully between the two attractions. "Wouldn't you like Miss Broon to go with us? She told me the other day she knowed you, and there's lots for her to eat."

Jack moved a step or two toward Millicent. Some of the crowd had by this time turned away, but enough remained to make it an embarrassing situation for both, especially as every one was obviously very much entertained and was waiting expectantly for the issue.

"Gracious!" exclaimed her friend, in unaffected surprise; "do you know him?"

But Jack was already speaking.

"I hope, Miss Bruen, you will excuse Katie's impetuosity," he said.

Millicent looked up bravely into his face. Her resolution was suddenly but resolutely taken. Perhaps it had been taken before and only needed some opportunity like this to give it expression.

"Do you indorse her invitation?" she asked.

Jack for an instant was dumb. Could it be possible that she would accept it? that she would parade up Fifth avenue with a tatterdermalion lot of children, in the face and eyes of her fashionable friends? More than all, that she would go with him? His brain fairly reeled and his heart stood still. It was a little time before he could speak.

"Of course I indorse it, Miss Bruen," he said at length, and then he added in a lower tone, "with all my heart."

They were only four little words, but they brought a new light into Millicent's eyes and a fresh joy in her heart. Perhaps she had been vexing herself over her father's old suggestion as to the reason of Jack's absence. But if she had, Jack's tone and look even more than his words told her there was no need. With a happy, half-embarrassed laugh she turned to her friend, who was standing the picture of ill-concealed amazement, and said:

"I guess I'll have to leave you. It's pretty hard work for Mr. Wendover to take care of all those children alone. Good-bye, dear."

And so before all the world she cast in her lot with John Wendover. People laughed and stared, but what did she care? Her friends, of whom she met not a few, stopped in the street for amazement and wondered if Millicent Bruen had got into any scrape that all those children were following her. But Millicent held bravely on her way. With the interchange of a single sentence she and Jack had come to a perfect understanding.

"Have you found your hero yet, Miss Millicent?" he had asked.

And Millicent, blushing all over her pretty face, shyly answered:

"He was pointed out to me, Mr. Wendover, only five minutes ago."—*Our Continent*

A Pretext for an Unholy Act.

The Columbus *Journal* has found a pretext for the Hubbell assessments. At least it pretends to have found such a pretext, but it can scarcely claim the merit of novelty for its discovery. It is a pretext that has been doing duty for several political campaigns, and which has had its corners rounded off in an infinite number of speeches by windy orators of the Burrows stamp. It is the worn and flimsy pretext that there is "danger and mischief in Democratic ascendency."

When one considers the history of the Republican party and its administrations, especially since the entry of Grant upon his second term, the amount of sheer impudence which a Republican leader or speaker must possess in order to speak of the "danger and mischief in Democratic ascendency" is simply incalculable. During six years the Democracy had practical ascendency so far as to regulate, in some degree, the National expenditure. With the Executive and other departments in Republican control it was impossible to wholly check extravagance. The estimates as they came from the departments were framed with the same recklessness which characterized them when a Republican Congress stood ready to vote whatever was asked and to indorse any scheme however wild. But with all this opposition, and with the departments willfully overrunning the appropriations, the Democracy cut down the expenditure the first year from $164,000,000 to $141,000,000, and still further reduced the sum by $7,000,000 in the year following. And with all the efforts of the Administration to embarrass the Democratic Congress in its scheme for economy, by creating deficiencies, the last year's expenditure under Democratic appropriations, including those for deficiencies, was less than the average under the last three years of Republican appropriations. As for the prospective expenditure under the appropriations of the present Congress it rises so far above any figures known since the war that comparison is impossible. Yet the Republican press and the party leaders and orators have the effrontery to speak of the "danger and mischief of Democratic ascendency."

More astonishing than the "cheek" of these leaders, newspapers and orators is the gullibility of the rank and file in the party, the members of which accept this bugbear as a veritable ghost. It is hardly worth while to reason with men who recognize in the Republican party and its Administration at Washington the efficient cause of the favorable seasons and abundant crops which made times good two years ago; though it would almost seem as if they might begin to doubt the party powers in that regard. Yet it would be interesting to know the exact shape and form which the "danger and mischief of Democratic ascendency" assume in their imagination. Do they fancy that the Democracy could possibly attract a bigger or more ravenous lobby to Washington than the Republicans have since they secured a fresh lease of Congress? Under the Democrats the "third house" entirely disappeared. Is it a part of the apprehended "danger and mischief" that the lobby may again be kicked out?

Is it feared that the Democracy will inaugurate a worse carnival of robbery and plunder than that for which Robeson was once resposible and which he is now trying, with the aid of Keifer and Chandler, to reproduce? Or is it an era of Star-route stealing that is dreaded, or some novel experiments in the art of political assessment on the "voluntary" plan? What is the "danger" and the "mischief" which makes the possibility of Democratic ascendency so terrible?

The bugbear will not stand any such analysis as that we have suggested. It has done the Republican party good service but we do not believe it can do so much longer. It might have done so but for the strife between Stalwarts and Half-breeds, who in the course of their recriminations are exposing the party iniquities in a way which opens the eyes even of Republicans. It is a new illustration of the first half of the old adage, "when rogues fall out, honest men get their rights;" and we believe the day is not far distant when the latter half of the adage will be verified.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Not a Justifiable Practice.

It would be no justification of such practices, even if it were true that the Democratic party in other days resorted to the blackmailing methods now practiced by the Republicans, to take a gigantic campaign fund from the Treasury, through the employes of the Government. Nor is it pertinent to say that, if in power, the Democrats would now do the same thing. The fact is the Democrats did not do it. The farther truth is that on a very recent occasion, when they had control of the House of Representatives, the proposition to assess the employes of the House was emphatically rejected. There is nothing analogous in the history of Democratic party management to the stand-and-deliver exactions of the party now in power. There is no good reason for the collection of any such sums of money as are now demanded. That is, there is no reason consistent with honesty and purity in elections. The profession that the funds are required to furnish the people with information is a subterfuge. The information necessary to the complete understanding of every question is furnished the people through the local and metropolitan press of the country much in advance of that afforded by the campaign committees. As a matter of fact, the money extorted from Government employes is not used for any such purpose. Certainly not much of it is so used. A large portion of this extorted money goes on its mission in a much more direct channel. The feeble and the doubtful, the indigent and the mercenary, are plied with arguments much more persuasive than are found in political tracts. The evidence of this has been presented in overwhelming force. There are numerous districts and some States where a very small per cent. of change turns the scale of victory. This money finds its way into these localities and is placed "where it will do the most good." What with the personal efforts of all the postmasters, post-office clerks, letter-carriers, mail-agents, Internal Revenue agents, officers and clerks, Pension agents and clerks, special Marshals and the money which each is forced to contribute, the party in power stands on a coigne of vantage which makes their overthrow a Herculean task, even though the reasons for a change of Administration may be important and urgent. The temptation for the leaders of a party thus fortified to abuse their trusts and enrich themselves at the public expense, and to build up and foster great abuses, is so strong as to demand the greatest vigilance and the most stubborn resistance by the people of every encroachment upon the guaranties and safeguards of the laws and of the customs and traditions of the better and simpler days of the Government.—*St. Louis Republican.*

The Republican Leaders Mad!

The gods seem to have determined to destroy the Republican party. They have certainly made its leaders mad. The most extraordinary act of public profligacy ever heard of in the United States, or in any other country in the world, was Monday perpetrated by the Republican majority in the House of Representatives, when a bill appropriating one hundred millions of dollars was passed without a word of debate, with only a word of protest and under a suspension of the rules.

The country will now begin to see what Robeson and Keifer were after in what they impudently described as "the struggle for honest elections." Their anxiety was not that Republicans should be voted into the House whether they had been elected or not. It was simply that the rules might be suspended when the jobs in which they were interested came up for action. The country cannot know as yet what thefts the Pension bill may cover. It knows that Dudley may be trusted to get rid of every dollar that is appropriated to his Department, and that Keifer made up the committee in the interest of expenditure. Everybody knows that two-thirds of the pensions that will be paid under this bill are simply robberies of the Treasury, aided and abetted by the Republican guardians of the Treasury.

One hundred million dollars! Does the reader take in the appalling significance of these figures? It is the labor for a year of two hundred thousand laborers that was yesterday voted without debate! It is the full pay for a year of an army of five hundred and fifty thousand private soldiers that the rules of the House were suspended to distribute among claimants for pensions!

The total pension list of Great Britain, loaded down, as Keifer and Robeson and Hiscock and Dudley would declare it to be with abuses, amounts to—how much thinks the reader? To $15,000,000, less than one sixth of the amount which the majority of the House yesterday voted was not of importance enough to occupy the time of the House with a discussion!

The total pay-roll of the British army, with 180,000 on the active list, was in 1880-81 $22,500,000. The whole war budget of the German Empire, the military model of the world, with 419,014 men and officers under arms, for the current year is $79,278,552—less than four-fifths of the pension list of a country whose happiness it is to be relieved of the necessity of supporting an enormous army; and the general pension list and invalid fund of the German Empire together amount to less than $10,000,000. The whole army budget of France, with an army in active service of 502,000 men, was last year but $14,000,000 more than the sum yesterday tossed away as a bagatelle "without a division" in the American House of Representatives.

Besides this vast and corrupt waste, of which less than one-quarter represents all that the country honestly owes to its pensioners, and all that its honest pensioners will get, the colossal job of the River and Harbor bill, by which $17000,000 were flung away the other day, becomes a mere piece of pilfering. And let not the people forget that all this waste and all this theft are a premeditated and systematic attack upon a surplus collected by methods of taxation the productiveness of which a Republican Congress has scouted the idea of diminishing—a system of taxation which a Republican President has packed a Tariff Commission to keep in full force. The Republican majority of Congress is voting away hundreds of millions at a time, money which ought to be in the pockets of the taxpayers, for fear the taxpayers should ask them how they came by it.

The day of reckoning for these things cannot be far off.—*N. Y. World.*

The Pennsylvania Platform.

The late Pennsylvania State Democratic Convention adopted the following platform of principles:

The Democratic party of Pennsylvania, holding fast to the faith that all power not delegated by the Constitution is reserved to the States and the people; upholding the sanctity of personal liberty, the security of private property, and the right of local self-government; demanding honesty and economy in the administration of the Government, and enforcement of all provisions of the Constitution by the Legislature and Courts of the Commonwealth; declaring against monopolies and in sympathy with labor seeking its protection, and in favor of the industrial interests of Pennsylvania, at this time do solemnly protest against the evils which the policy and practices of the Republican party and the insolence of its long possession of office have thus brought upon the country; therefore,

1. We do protest against what is called the "boss" system, and also the plundering of officeholders by assessments of money for political purposes. Public offices are the property of no party, but are open to every citizen, honest, capable and faithful to the Constitution—qualifications which Jefferson declared were requisites for office.

2. We protest against the spoils system. It is a prostitution of the offices of the people so that they become mere perquisites of politicians.

3. We denounce all repudiation, State and Federal, because it is dishonest and destructive of that public morality upon which are founded the existence and perpetuity of our free institutions. It should be made odious, and the political party that aids it and abets it with office deserves public condemnation.

4. We denounce the spoliation of the State Treasury and immunity by pardon of those convicted of crimes, whose acts were flagrant subversions of official trusts and wrongs done the people.

5. We believe the Republican party, as now organized and controlled, is based on fraud, force and corruption, and there can be no hope of true reform except by force of the ballot-box, excluding it from place and power.

6. The Democratic party demands Legislative and honest, just and true apportionment.

7. Upon these declarations we invite the cooperation of all honest citizens who, with us, desire the re-establishment of honest government.

—A Somerville young lady has the happy faculty of being able to combine business with pleasure. When she gathers autumn leaves she sews them into the waist of the dress she wears on the night her sweetheart visits her, and thus she gets them pressed without trouble to herself.—*Somerville Journal.*